PS 3501
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1916

WEATHERTON

AS A CORTEZ

AND

"YAH TAGGY"

RICH. GALD

SECOND EDITION

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GEORGE ALBERT ALDRICH
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no 1.

"I am a financier, Jones. There are two prominent gods in the business-world. Reason and Love. I hope I remain agreeable to both."

Weatherton.

WEATHERTON POSES AS A CORTEZ.

DEAR reader, you have experienced of the flesh-pots of down-town eating-house life? You have imbibed in mines of wines whose gaudy signs are significant of plenteousness in that particular much which seemeth needful to the ever-indolent and always hungry? You have been flushed with surfeit at those tables of bounty characteristic of the restauranted portion of a wide and populous city, filled with the always wanting. And you have fled perspiringly homeward with, oh such an abundance of gratitude illuminating your unmitigated greed, even as we.

Gliding up-street 'neath the glimmering arc-lamps of industrious but pennywise contract creation, you pirouette at a corner half faltering to change your mind and determined programme for the evening; you pirouette, we suggest, to quite about-face; and encounter a familiar personage sauntering immediately at you, and in absurdly a diametrically opposite direction.

"Weatherton!" you exclaim, again as we, "Delighted!"

"My dear friend Jones, Happy, happy indeed happy!" comes an unaffectedly sincere response. "Of all on earth the very person I desired most to see. You are well versed in things Mexican, I understand?"

"U. S. Consul at Acapulco nine years, at your service" we reply.

"Quite right; and are willing to talk a little *re* the present bellicose outlook?"

"Perfectly" we answer.

"Then kindly drop into the St. Francis with me and enjoy a cigar" pursues the other man.

"To shorten matters, I wish you would peruse this document I have with me: one very formidable of external appearance isn't it? I assure you it is quite as forbiddingly superior of content. Allow me?"

We take the proffered paper, and read:—

Suggestions for
Congress
re
Mexican Difficulty.

Present a memorial to the Mexican Government, stimulating it to appreciation of the fact that the Peace necessary to proper conduct of trade, and its dependencies, has poignantly appealed to these U. S. as a crying necessity.

That, therefore, we the American people briefly and respectfully request our sister government to the South to adopt procedure (without more evasion or delay) calculated to protect aforesaid commercial interests, and the persons fathering them.

That, pertinent with such procedure, the Mexican Government accept a loan from the U. S. of $10,000,000.00 for seven years at 10 per cent.

That said Mexican Government convey certain provinces (name them) to said U. S. in trust for a period of seven years.

That said provinces shall be deemed security for said money loaned; and may be so treated by the U. S.

That, consonant with said trust, the U. S. shall

be permitted to police, manage, govern, control and occupy said provinces for said seven years.

That, at the end of said seven-year term, the Mexican Government shall consider reasonable offer for the conveyance of said provinces to the United States.

That pertinent with this option for the sale of said provinces the Mexican Government shall file a bond of $1,000,000 as an earnest of faith in the matter of said sale said bond to be forfeited upon the failure of the Mexican Government to consummate said sale.

That the foregoing contract shall become meaningful and effective on (Date).

Signed

Countersigned.

"Well?" we inquire, half inclined to yawn. We are not a little bored. "So very very threadbare a subject, Mexico. What next, to be sure! Japan—but cease, cease. In pity's name, cease. Another romance of yours, I presume?"

"My dear friend Jones, does it read so to you?" explodes our odd acquaintance from the South Seas.

"An exceedingly dull attempt, I should say. Do you ever rise out of the prosaic and ordinary, Weatherton?" This we venture a little mischievously.

"You mean I am so very pragmatic of view, ever, I seem to the shallow observer over flat or dull?"

"Precisely. I mean your attempts at romance jar one, at the start, much as would the sawing, with buck-saw, of a stick of stove-wood. They

quite rasp me. Now here, for instance, what a jolly lot of poetry in a $10,000,000 loan, with, incidentally, security in trust; occupation, policing, etc., etc., all to be capped prosaicly with so much earnest-money, a transaction you sincerely hope won't, after all, prove inducement to wisely drawn conclusion on the part of the Mexican Government. Again you are so very incompetent of personnel. Why not ladies? Where, ever, are your ladies? Do you live, Weatherton, in a distinctively selfish world of matters, ungallant? Why not an heroine; or, say, an *ingenue* or perhaps a female marplot to fill in your over-much barreness of effect? Now, really, Weatherton, why not?"

"Jones, you are testing my humour purely for the vulgar fun of it; I know you are. I feel it stealing o'er my conscience as you proceed. Marvelous keenness of perception we flatter ourselves sometimes in possession of. I so judge myself now. Keen of perception. I grasped you; I read your meaning lucidly even as you sweat it out between your several words. My dear critically concerned Ex-consul, I am not attempting romance. I am scheming, *scheming, SCHEMING!* Sir, I am a financier; and you have dubbed me a romancer! I commit you to thirty minutes concourse now and forthwith; and in atonement for attempted offense. Are you at my service?"

"I am. Fire away," we reply amusedly.

"You know the Mexican moods and methods you say. Then sincerely, how do you feel they will take to my solution of the problem?"

"My dear sir, first let me comprehend your plans. Are you going to forge this document and

mail it to Mexico as a genuine Act of Congress, duly considered and passed upon? Or have you some wild and over ingenuous advertising plan in process of incubation; the which you intend hatching upon the neighboring fences or illuminated signs?"

"Ah, forgive me, Jones. I will explain directly I light another cigar? Try one of mine?"

"Mexican?"

"Precisely. Got them at the International Bank in Montgomery Street this very *post meridian*. Met an acquaintance there loaded with cheap silver (Mexican) and tobacco. Held tightly to one. Gave the other away ruthlessly."

"Thank you."

"You see," proceeded Weatherton, "I intend forwarding this document you have just been kind enough to read, to Washington, D. C., and to our representative there. Consonant with my wishes in the matter (I feel certain I am right) he will introduce it as an emergency bill.

Upon Mexico's acceptance of this proposal, I shall be among the first informed. I hope to profit forthwith."

"How; just how?"

"Simple enough. Upon our occupation of, say, Sonora, many of the old drastic laws and regulations will become void and null. Among those cancelled, I feel certain the customs will predominate: for they are most unpopular with us."

"Well?"

"Are you aware, I have no doubt, on second consideration, you are, there is now in force an export tax on gold and silver bullion?"

"Yes."

"I propose crossing the line the minute the Mexican Government accepts the American proposal—my proposal as passed by Congress—and buying up, *buying up, BUYING UP* all the silver coin the land possesses."

"What then?"

"My dear friend, picture me with a half-dozen twenty-mule teams of Mexican silver coin trekking to the frontier. Fancy me upon arrival at the American border-line. Cannot you actually hear the tinkle of those several tons of coin as they tumble through the tail-boards of my gigantic wagons. And no duty to pay sir; absolutely none!"

"What then?"

"Jones, guess me. Must I review market-values, express charges, government sensibilities (blemished government credit), popular prejudice, unlooked for competition and the biased gods of profitable venture?"

"I am dull, Weatherton. Help me."

"The Mexican export-tax has been the only obstacle to profitable coin-exchange for some time past. Your Spanish dollar is worth so much in bullion value. It is selling in the states for 45 cents. It is worth 58 cents, the London price of one silver ounce, less cost of coinage. Let us disregard the seigniorage. I determine the dollar worth 50 cents, after I have manipulated it."

"I glean, I glean! How much do you intend investing?"

"Three millions, American gold. Will issue

preferred stock within the week. Will you take a few shares?"

* * * * * * * * *

"The Simpkins Bill for adjustment of Mexican affairs has failed of passage by less than a dozen votes. Never in the history of Congress has a so-called emergency-measure met with such patience-defying indifference; or such obdurately pig-headed opposition as the same proposed act designed in truly Christian spirit, as it certainly may have been; and therefore calculated to accomplish all that was to be desired in the way of ultimate quietude in; and shapefulness out of chaotic conditions to the south of us. It had been suggested in Committee that the Simpkins source of the measure failed of justification as one simon-pure. The walls of the committee-room, it is maintained, reverberated with the much repeated word, 'lobby.' The name of one astute individual residing in the West was particularly given to frequency of mention. A person styled Weatherton identified, formerly, with the South Pacific had, it seems, been the real author of the bill. This individual, we are informed, while much given to sabbatarianism, is pleased to interpret the moral qualification of peoples from an abnormally grotesque standpoint. The Weatherton-man of righteous bent must have been *twice christened on the same day at the same hour and minute.* Of course this is only possible at the dividing-line of the earth—the 180th parallel—where two days meet. It appears this remarkable character, now resident of San Francisco, is preparing to exploit Mexico by making pertinent use of Uncle Sam's

inevitable concern. Deprecating this sort of thing, we join with the administration in justly timed repudiation."

We tossed the copy of the Washington telegram wearily aside; and, donning our over-wear, trudged over to the St. Francis. Weatherton was there; and probably expecting us.

"Morning," he greeted us with.

"Good morning, Weatherton, read the news from Washington?"

"I have.'

"What think of it?"

"Not alarmed. Precisely what I anticipated would result."

"Then you're not beaten?"

"No."

"Please explain."

"My dear friend, I always carry my loss items to the resource column. Don't you?"

"Yes—that is—if I happen to have sufficient inventory."

"Aptly responded to. I see you are an accountant. If you happen to have sufficient inventory. My friend I am never short of that. My column of loss items gravitates toward resource. My inventories are written-in in red, *red* Sir."

"Well, but—"

"We are going to pass that bill through Congress, I too am to be the first man across the border and into Mexico. These two features of my laboriously drawn up plans are to materialize. This I sincerely promise you."

"Weatherton, I have discounted my stock in the enterprise. Will you buy it back?"

"Jones, if you were to offer me your interest for one per cent of what you paid I would not touch it. Why? Because I conscientiously feel you would greatly regret having parted with your shares. You are going to win, if you will only hold on. I am a man of my word; and you have purchased $10,000 worth at par. In three months time you may sell your 100 shares at a premium of fifty dollars. You are to be the certain possessor of $5,000 in net profits."

"What guarantee can you give me for flattering results, Weatherton?"

"Jones, you know my history. You have heard whence I came; and what sort of a man I was bred to be while there. Look at these biceps. Showed them last to Southby. He was pleasantly and I want to add, profitably impressed. Had you heard, my friend was making money? Fact, I assure you. Sold a block of stock for me; and invested the proceeds. Bought—let me see—was it Spring Valley? Hetch-Hetchy troubles, you know, had forced the water-stock down to almost absurdity. My report regarding the impractibility of popularizing impounded snow-waters sent it up again like late-sown wheat. Jones, I was christened twice on the same day, in the same hour, and at the same minute."

"Still I get you but vaguely," we reply.

"I am framing a budget, a pork-barrel appropriation measure which I shall likewise forward to Senator Simpkins."

"Now, do you find me?"

"And your Mexican scheme then" we hasten to assist, "is to be introduced as a Ways-and-Means

measure in the form of rider to the appropriation bill."

"Bravo, Jones, clear now, isn't it? You see, no thought for expense had been given. The pacifying and re-shaping of Mexico, however so deftly you undertake it, cannot accrue without considerable expenditure. Our first attempt with Congress was raw, raw sir in the flagrant greenness of its incompetency. We failed absolutely of inevitable expenditure mention. We shall win this time. If not, Jones, friend, have another look at these biceps. I shall single-handed defy the U. S. Government to thwart me. In other words, I shall present myself; and dazzle its representatives sheer by the refulgent superiority of my personality. Have faith in me, man, I am possessed of purpose; and not to be beaten. Get me?"

We rolled our cigar leisurely over to the opposite side, and puffed silently.

After some minutes of silence we growled forth.

"Weatherton give me two dollars and take my stock back."

"Ha, ha, ha, man! I shall note an appointment for a ride to the park in your new $4,000 motor-car three months from date. Then, too, Jones, we will introduce the opposite sex. You suggested my romances were ungallant in this particular. We shall hear from the ladies and extravagantly, too. Bye-the-way remember me to Mrs. Jones and suggest she order a carload of bonnets from New York without further delay. They should arrive none too soon. In two weeks you may anticipate your fortune on the market, Sir, on the market. I will guarantee finding men

to take your notes on hypothecated security. Believe me, I am right."

"Weatherton, you are a veritable god of reason; but—"

"I am a financier, Jones. There are two prominent gods in the business-world: Reason and Love. I hope I remain agreeable to both. My friend, I courted twice on the same day, at the same hour and minute. I was, likewise, married twice after the same code of procedure. There were two honeymoons; and twins were the blessedly welcome result. Had my wife been a characteristically twin-bearing person, I should have become the father—well, let us digress. Buy some more of my stock. Take it provisionally. If favorable results don't accrue in three months, I will contract to refund at a nominal discount."

"Specifically, what discount?"

"Say two per cent on par value."

"Then let me have fifty shares below par. Mark it down to 98."

"Good. That determines you finally just what I suspected you were, a shrewdly accurate stock-dealer; and modern promoter of precision. Ha, ha, ha! Again I recall the exact scientist. Jones, where did you matriculate?"

"Where liability inventory is kept tacked up before one's eyes most of the time. But after all I retain faith in your enterprise spite of threatened periodical relapse. I'll try them, Weatherton. I'll take fifty more. Good evening."

"Evening, Jones. Will call on you to-morrow." Then, ruminating, aside. "Singularly rapid change of mind. Ten minutes ago he offered me

his shares for two dollars. Now,—ah, I have it. Flattered! Weatherton, my boy, haven't you grasped the oddities of human nature sufficiently to comprehend the situation? Flattered the man out of his wits, when I remarked his knowledge of scientific accounting! One of a thousand; one of a thousand!"

CONCERNING THE "YAH TAGGY"; AND HER EXPLOITATION.

WE PEN these remarkable notes, dear reader, while roustabouting at the aeroplane trans-bay ferry-landing, Embarcadero and Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif. A wonderously fair day! We assure you the weather was fine; the primest of the primer-sort peculiar to our promising weather-queen of states. Local prophets, too many to enumerate, had been gracious enough to instruct us Spring rains were to come. Suffice it to say they had; and abundantly. This of itself, was a condition of absolute assurance for the best. Such is hope, faith and charity to the average San Franciscan. We were of the average sort.

Rains had come, we repeat; and settled the perniciously irritating water-front dust. Rains were to come, too; and again settle the same aggravatingly disturbed condition of the surface cosmic, which immediately marks the contour of our prosperous settlement, No. 8 on the country's list of commercial possibilities. The dust had been conquered; and thoroughly so: or we never would have appeared upon the scene. Armed, as we were, with a pair of field-glasses, and a meager quantity of enthusiasm, our wharf-dust, of more ordinary occasion, might have obscured us unto total annihilation. But here we were, comfortable and delighted, on this, the 24th day of May, 1914: and squatted astride the huge stringer of twelve-by-twelve yellow pine usually fastened to the

bumping-edge of our admirable wharves, making notes.

The aeroplane ferry-boat "Aermaide" rested on her landing-stage immediately in front and beneath us. This was the first and trial-week of her installation. She had made several successful trips over the bay and back—some ten miles—carrying a passenger on each occasion, and boasting a speed of something approaching a mile a minute. Crowds of eager on-lookers were pressing us from behind. Our perch on the edge of the dock was a select one; and greatly to be coveted. The king's box at Ascot never had been the more so; nor his stalls at the pretty little theater in the Haymarket, he so much effects, etc., etc.

The "Aermaide" had glided out of its berth; and over the small expanse of water enclosed between neighboring piers, well on its way across the harbor. We were all stretching our necks; and straining our eyes in trembling anticipation of highly probable mishap. No accident attended her rapid, splashy departure. She was soon lost to view. Our glasses failed of her location. At last accounts she had veered slightly to the northward. She was circling about some point on the farther side. No; we were mistaken. Her progress was still due east. But she had gotten over. Everybody was satisfied. Many were turning to leave. So very, very quick of accomplishment! It had all happened in five minutes! The many cumbersome old ferry-boats, of the various railways and transportation companies, were crossing back-and-forth, too. They had required from twelve to twenty-five minutes. Truly we had witnessed a wonderful

consummation; another startling exemplification of what the French term *Pneu Era* marvel. Someone tapped us on the shoulder.

"The 'Yah Taggy' is to be sold at auction. Ad's in this afternoon's paper. Give me a position on her?"

The "Yah Taggy," we ruminated, virtually repeating our accoster's words, was to be sold at auction. Give—position on her—"Why?" we responded at length, slowing bending our gaze upward, and upon the newcomer. "You don't really mean it? Sold? When and where?"

"Merchants' Exchange, next Monday at 10 a. m. Going to buy? Rather thought you would."

"Certainly shall bid in for her. What ought she to be worth?"

"Can't guess. No mean sum, though. She's a fine boat. Of course you are aware of that."

* * * * *

Thursday afternoon, dear reader. Ball room—the Red—Palace Hotel. Occasion, auction sale—biggest on record—of certain real properties more or less prominently in the public understanding. Fifteen hundred people in attendance. Over one hundred million dollars represented in the personnel of the gathering. Greatest event in realty circles for many moons! A fine large hotel to go. Likewise a very select site for another on our most prominent thoroughfare. Downtown and uptown lots too numerous to list. Terms 10 per cent; mortgages may remain. Such and such a lot carrying a debt of $10,000. Sold for $12,500; mort-

gage to stand. "Opportunity to make a fortune for only $2500. Never mind 8 per cent per annum on $10,000, you've got $2500 now, haven't you; well, take it; and settle down to inevitable prosperity. Can't fail! You've heard of the young woman whom sought advice on the subject of matrimony? Shall I marry now; or shan't I? She inquired, etc., etc. Truly a clever chance. Seize it: grasp it: hold it! What am I bid for this valuable warehouse-site at Clark's Point? Give me $9000. Nine thousand, nine thousand! Gentlemen, make it five hundred more. What, you want time to consider? Well, take it. Nine thousand, nine thousand! Ask the man whom owns it, if it isn't worth all of that; and more, too! Who'll make it $9500? Gentlemen, you really can't have determined upon going to sleep! Come now!

Voice from a particularly opulent corner:

"A trifle like $9500 is mean enough to give anyone cold feet. Make it nine millions, somebody."

"Well said, neighbor! Ha, ha, ha!" laughs the auctioneer.

"Weatherton!"

A person of that name has just dropped into a chair in front of us. We have touched him on the shoulder, forthwith.

"Well!" responds that individual pleasantly, "Glad to meet you here. Buying lots?"

"Not to-day. By the way, the 'Yah Taggy' is to be sold—"

"Not now. She's mine. Just bought her. Private sale. Want to go in with me? Great, I assure you! What I style the greatest moral

enterprise of modern times. My boy I'm going to reform the ultra-progressive world, and how do you suppose I'm to go about it. By improving the appetites, and health, of our downtown busy-bodies."

"And that is why you've bought the 'Taggy'?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha! Can't guess though, how you're to go about it."

"Dine with me to-day; and I'll elucidate upon that point."

"Very well; what hour?"

"Seven. St. Francis."

"Good. I'll come. Doing anything here?"

"Just purchased a lot at Baker's Beach. Going to put up a sanitarium. Also intend having an anchorage and wharf. Catch?"

"Ah ha! I grasp. And the 'Taggy' is to be adjunct to the sanitarium."

"Correct. Want to talk it over with you."

* * * * *

Seven P. M. St. Francis Hotel grill-room. Small "Turkish" and potted-cheese. Cigars. Silence, always a necessary attribute to voraciousness, has ruled for some minutes past. Weatherton fires first shot.

"Transferred your Union Oil for foreign 6's?"

"Yes."

"What! And dare you look the eagle in the eye, now?"

"Why not?"

"My dear sir, pertinent with one of my peregrinations through the banking district, I encountered a gold fifty-dollar-piece of 1852. It was

octagonal in shape, sir. Had eight flat sides. What do you suppose it had been so designed for?"

"So it wouldn't roll," we replied.

"Precisely. You might have added 'out of the country.'"

"Why not 'off the earth'?"

"That would be absurd. Allow me. We are not dealing with absurdities. That coin was flattened at its edge so it wouldn't roll out of the United States."

"Well our money of to-day is not so minted."

"Again you are correct. Why trifle with it?"

"Can't see that I have."

"You have oiled the circular peripheries of our coinage with a foreign product. Your twenties will roll like greased lightning! Grant I'm right. Friend, sell your European preferred shares; and join me in the 'Yah Taggy' enterprise. Let me interpret the name. It means 'Golden Eagle.' I mean figuratively."

"But you haven't instructed me as to how you intend 'making good' with the 'Taggy.' Certainly not by founding a sanitarium, a sort of gold-cure institution for tired businessmen?"

"My dear sir, what are your politics?"

"Republican."

"And you haven't become lost to 'Bull Moose' theories of necessary ultra-progress?"

"No."

"Then you can't fail of comprehension."

"You intend outdoing the aeroplane with the 'Yah Taggy,'" an old-time fore-and-aft, wind-pro-

pelled vessel, with a speed record not to exceed fourteen knots!"

"Exactly so."

"Weatherton. This does not sound like you. Let me suggest——"

"You want I should discuss the money-end of things, ever. Characteristic, you maintain. Well, I'm coming to that consummation. You have parted with your Union stock?"

"I have."

"Murder. No, *flagrante delicto!* Listen to this prospectus. I have here advanced sheets, only. Conclusively, they are subject to correction."

A NEW AGE MIRACLE.

An Organization to Rejuvenate Tired Business Men; and Resurrect Their Possessions.

By Re-newing the Man, We Are to Revive His Property.

Better the Downtown Appetite; and, Thereby, Revivify His Worldly Goods.

What Are Dying Stocks?

Possessions of Expiring Man.

Renewal of the Man, Means Re-birth of His Shares.

Capital, $500,000.

5000 shares at $100.

Sub-divided as follows:

2500 shares preferred as to non-assessment; first lien on profits, etc.

2500 shares common. To be listed with the Board.

NAILEM, NOOLITTLE & CO., Brokers,

Bond Street, N. Y., are selling the issue. All inquiries respecting should be made of this firm.

"Friend," continued Weatherton, "what is the carrying capacity of the 'Taggy'? I mean her cargo-capacity?"

"You really don't intend to make a cargo-boat of her?"

"Believe I shall. Ought to get fifteen tons per trip aboard. What think?"

"Possibly. But why?"

"Man, my new sanitarium at Baker's Beach is to be fitted with an immense fire-proof vault; and——"

"And you are going to collect all the underlying, and lax, shares in town. You want the 'Taggy,' among other uses, to transport these shares to your vaults."

"Perspicacity, thou certainly art attribute of proper business acumen."

"But what do you intend doing with the owners of these properties?" we venture again.

"Turn the 'Taggy,' noble schooner that she is, into an excursion-boat for tired ones."

"And charge."

"Anything from two to fifty dollars. See here."

Daily Excursion on the Bay. Schooner "Yah Taggy" Will Leave Mission Street Wharf at 2 p. m. Fare, $2.

Sail-power only. No noise. No smells. No tiresome machinery. THE poetry of motion. Old-fashioned methods the best. Strictly temperate. No gambling. Three hours on the water. Light luncheon, gratis.

"Weatherton, I don't grasp. The scheme seems incompetent to me. How, for instance, are you to get possession of these peoples' stocks and bonds? By lurid representation, with added promises indefectible!"

"Our sanitarium is to be a Trust Company. We are to deposit $200,000 with the State; and so in-

corporate. One of the provisions of the compact with individual patrons is that they shall reside with us; and bring their worldly goods accordingly."

"Humph! Are you to superintend, Mr. Weatherton?"

"Well, no. I contemplate laying the matter before Southby—you know Southby. He may appoint whomsoever he may see fit."

"Then you are to be——?"

"A share-holder and director."

"I'm not clear as to what part the 'Yah Taggy' is to play."

"Magnet! Lure, if you care to put it that way. I circulate notices, downtown, in which I dwell suasively upon the virtue of short work-hours; and more fresh air. Then, too, the excitement of a sail on the waters of our romantic bay. Plenty of good cigars; and an abundance of ginger ale!"

"Imported ginger ale?"

"No. Certainly not. We will undertake to revivify our domestic bottled goods, too. Take a few shares?"

"Can't do it. Haven't faith in your enterprise."

"My dear sir. I know no such word as fail. You are familiar with my history and personal equation?"

"Not especially so," we respond.

"I," continued Weatherton a little irritably, perhaps, "was born in the Pacific Islands, on the 180th parallel. *I was christened twice on the same day; at the same hour and minute.* In the brilliant lexicon of my existence failure is not to be found. Let me expatiate upon the momentary needs of

our kinetically predominant business existence. I have studied the subject, sir, from a philosophical conception of the infinitesimal to a twentieth-century understanding of the infinite. What do we urgently require to properly balance our commercial entity? Formerly, we were patronizingly the vantage-ground of international welfare. Before our latter day unit of doubtfully representative people at Washington became commensurably manifest, Europe supported our government. I haven't figures at hand; but tell me, is there any doubt, whatsoever, that Uncle Sam's Custom House constituted his main source of revenue? And now! The income-tax! Sir, the American people are now paying for what, formerly, was charged to Europe. Ah, you disagree! Foreign investors also pay income-tax. Very true; but qualification of, doesn't prove an entity. An exception never proves a fact."

"Weatherton, you're quite a speech-maker. But, again how unusual of you to think more of philanthropy, and less of money-matters! The 'Yah Taggy' is an elegant boat; and will prove expensive of maintenance; and then your quarters at Baker's Bay!"

"Man, by acquiring stewardship over the town's treasure, a large portion of which I certainly shall gain, I take possession of its owners' hearts. One-third of downtown will clamor, sir, for its daily sail around the bay. Where one's treasure is, so is his heart. You've heard that aphorism before! You see I get the trusteeship of their underlying and dying securities. These I lay away in my vaults; and otherwise wisely care for."

"Your intention, originally, was to rejuvenate our faded securities. Just how did you plan to do this?" we continue.

"By storing them away, lest they evaporate by diffusion or transfer. By holding them at home, and secure from change of identity. I plant them in the soil at Baker's Beach. Thence they resprout; and start forth anew."

"Don't fully grasp, yet!"

"Well, were these properties to be exchanged for foreign securities they must, of a certainty, fade from existence. That is plain!"

"Yes, in name: but not value."

"My dear sir, a large fraction of Uncle Sam's wealth is embodied in name. Take, for instance, his dollar. The American silver dollar-piece is 50 per cent good name. Absolutely nothing else! Are you going to repudiate it; and trust in some foreign flag's covenant to good faith?"

"No."

"Then tell them, downtown, the 'Yah Taggy' is to sail daily at 2 p. m.; and all are welcome. Let us rejuvenate our appetites; and with them our old love of prudence."

"Telegram for Mr. Weatherton! Mr. Weatherton!"

"Here, boy! What's this?"

"Your newly acquired schooner 'Yah Taggy' has collided with the aeroplane-ferry 'Aermaide'; and awkwardly jibing in the confusion, is hopelessly sinking. 'Aermaide' safe; and proceeding across bay."

"Zounds, boy! Where did you get this dispatch?"

"Hotel office, sir!"

"Hotel office be tut-tut! You—a—I say clerk, are your wires—a—Whom has paid for this libel? Libel, sir! An hyperbolically improbable piece of embryonic blackguardism! I mean to investigate, sir. I mean to probe this heartless triviality to its core; and—and—arrest the boy—no, no, bother the brat! Let him go! What confirmation is there to this remarkable report? Any?"

"Animatoscope man on ferry-boat took a quarter-mile of photos, sir. Shall I send for him?"

"Bring me my brandy, boy. I'm going to retire! Friend," turning to us, "beg to be excused from further effort. Will talk with you to-morrow about the lot at Baker's Beach. If present owner will confirm the sale, we shall be O. K. without the boat. The place was sold to me *subject to confirmation by owner.* I got it cheap—dirt cheap! Good-day!"

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